THE

JESUIT.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

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AN

ALLEGORICAL POEM.

BY

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

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AN

ALLEGORICAL POEM.

WITH

AIRS AND CHORUSES,

AS REHEARSED AFTER THE EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT

BARDS and MINSTRELS,

BY THE AUTHOR,

Mr. *MARRIOTT.*

Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.

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WITH

AIRS AND CHORUSSES,

AS PERFORMED AT THE HAYMARKET.

BARDS and MINSTRELS,

BY THE AUTHOR,

Mr. MARRIOTT.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PART THE FIRST.

THE BIRTH-NIGHT.

LONG had Creation ſmiled beneath the ray
Of the all-chearing Regent of the Day.
'Midſt golden clouds he bow'd his radiant head,
And ſilver damps the verdant fields o'erſpread.

The Ruſtic, as he led his thirſty team
O'er dewy meads to taſte the lucid ſtream,
Liſten'd to hear the conſtant village-chime,
And mark'd what tuneleſs bell ſtruck out of time.

The ſwarthy Fiſherman, with buſy hand
Waſh'd out his net, and haul'd his bark to land.
The Eaſtern waves a griſly mantle wore,
And Porpuſes came rolling to the ſhore.

Deep in the Weſt the rapid ſun-beams fled,
And NIGHT at once her ſable drapery ſpread.
SILENCE preſided: when aloft in air
TEMPEST aroſe, her terrors to prepare.

Down ſail'd the Eagle from her cloudleſs height,
And, laſt of creatures, ſaw the parting light.
Her young ſhe ſought, but, ſeeking, fled aſtray,
And, in the ſudden darkneſs, loſt her way.

Up roſe the Lion to his nightly chace,
Shook his bluff mane, and trod a ſolemn pace.
By inſtinct taught, the coming ſtorm he learn'd,
Roar'd once, then, growling, to his den return'd.

The

The Nightingale was ready to relate
His tale harmonious to his conſtant mate;
New notes of lengthen'd ſweetneſs would have ſung:
But, when he ſaw the plain with clouds o'erhung,
He ſought a covert in the thicket-ſhade,
Fluttering in ſilence through the buſhy glade.

The lonely Traveller, with panting breaſt,
Quicken'd his pace, and button'd up his veſt.
But, ſoon benighted, ſlowly on he ſtrode,
And waved his hand, to feel his darkſome road.

Loud, hollow gales blew, whiſtling, mix'd with rain,
O'er the wild heath, and bruſh'd the graſſy plain.
In ſtreams of forked flame the lightening pour'd,
And from the nitrous clouds the thunder roar'd.
One moment Light, one moment Darkneſs reign'd
With ſudden change, and furious war maintain'd.
Longer and louder roll'd the thunder dire,
And all the air ſeem'd waves of liquid fire.

The whirlwind ſhook the turret's lofty wall;
The ſmoaking ſtack receiv'd the fiery ball.
With ſulphur ſtifled, brutes expired by droves,
And conflagration waſted half the groves.

The harmleſs Swain, who ſlept in cottage low,
Affrighted woke, and roſe to houſe his cow.
Eas'd of that care, again he ſought his bed,
Forgot the tempeſt, and reclined his head;
And there, hard-lodged, and level with the ground,
With guiltleſs boſom, ſunk in ſleep profound.

The pamper'd Epicure, devourer baſe,
Whoſe ſcarlet crimes were painted in his face;
Whoſe trunk enormous had with coſt been fed
On ſpoil of orphans, doom'd to beg their bread;
For whom tho' Earth, Air, Sea, with ſlaughter groan'd,
His rage carnivorous ſtill was unatoned, —
Yawning he preſs'd the chair: when from aloof
The burſting thunder ſhook the vaulted roof.

Starting,

Starting, in haſte he roſe, with paunch full-cramm'd,
And grudg'd, before digeſtion, to be damn'd.

The Stateſman, plotting, with a guilty ſoul,
To rule his country with unjuſt controul,
Taught by the Storm, that Greatneſs cannot ſave,
Stood, chain'd by Fear, and felt Himſelf a Slave.

Th' aſpiring Prieſt, freſh-woke from dreams profane,
Mitres ſtill floating in his reſtleſs brain,
Saw Nature raging in the choleric ſtorm,
And fear'd it might be Doom-day's awful form;
That Tempest all her treaſured ſtores had lent,
To ſolemnize the night of Chriſt's deſcent,
And cried aloud, before the riſing moon,
Come not, Lord Jesus! come not yet ſo ſoon.

For now the Moon, pale queen of night, appear'd;
Before her face the dark horizon clear'd.
The clouds, faſt-waſting, dropp'd in floods of rain,
And waſh'd, with currents, every path and lane.

Deep

Deep in the center of a defart-way,
Where human footſteps ne'er were led aſtray;
Far in the wildeſt, drearieſt haunts of Spain,
Where Rome's dark Bigotry was made to reign,
A wilderneſs of rocks, and ſullen dens,
In midſt of ſloughs, and damp, unwholeſome fens;
Where from the craggy cliff who tumbled o'er,
Deep-ſwallow'd in the bog, could riſe no more,
The feaſt of vipers, toads, and hiſſing ſnakes;
Where no ſtreams flow'd, but dead and putrid lakes
Poiſon'd the rock-pent air; where, fierce with hate,
Nature her own works ſeem'd to execrate,
The Vicas met: with powers from Hell below,
Siſters of Night, their ſorceries to ſhow.

Two kindred rocks together, ſide by ſide,
Uprear'd their ſhaggy tops with ſavage pride:
By earthquake ſplit, ſtone of each other's ſtone,
In ancient times majeſtic ſtood in one.
Their perpendicular ſides a paſſage made:
Betwixt, of rock a ſolid pavement laid.

Untrod

Untrod before, and ever ſince untrod,
But once permitted, by decree from God.

Between the rocks the Moon her brighteſt ray
Darted oblique, and almoſt rivall'd Day;
Here glared ſtrong light, there ſhade reflection made;
Beyond, light fainter, and a darker ſhade,
Solemn, beyond deſcription of the pen;
Solemn as night, moon, cliff, and hollow den
Could ſhape the ſcene. The climbing Queen of Night
Shifted the ſhades, and with the ſhades the light.

CHORUS.

Solemn, beyond deſcription of the pen;
Solemn as night, moon, cliff, and hollow den
Could ſhape the ſcene. The climbing Queen of Night
Shifted the ſhades, and with the ſhades the light.

Unlike the walks, where youthful lovers rove,
In pairs, by moon-light, through the placid grove.

Her

Here ghaſtly HORROR fix'd his gloomy reign;
WOE ſat, with FEAR, and agonizing PAIN:
Suiting the night, and the occaſion dire,
From whence new aid Hell's armies ſhould acquire;
From whence the infant-cauſe of Truth muſt lie
Hopeleſs, and, blaſted in its bloſſom, die;
And whence the Conſcience, but of late ſet free,
Enſlaved again, muſt bow to Rome's decree.

By horror lured, the birds of omen drew
Nigh to the rocks: but, frighted, back they flew.
O'erwhelm'd with fear, they ſought their rural plains,
And gave dire warnings to the neighbouring ſwains.
The raven croak'd his hoarſe, prophetic note;
The boding ſcreech-owl ſtrain'd her ſhriller throat.
No animal remain'd, but ſuch as owed
Its birth and breeding to the curs'd abode.
The twining ſerpent, ſliding down the rock,
Hiſs'd an infernal tale, enough to ſhock
The heart accuſtom'd to the midnight-walk,
Of noiſes heedleſs. There were ſeen to ſtalk

Ghoſts

Ghosts of Reformers, in a mournful train,
Pale, martyr'd Shades, in grievous tortures slain.
These o'er the pendent cliffs lamenting stood
For the vain spilling of their sacred blood.
Others with grief their fruitless toils deplored,
Freedom depress'd, and Rome's dread power restored.
LUTHER's sad, sullen Ghost was weeping there:
WICKLIFFE and ORUM dropp'd a generous tear;
While, in the lowest, darkest deeps of Hell,
Twelve Popes tugg'd hard to toll a Funeral-Bell
To TRUTH's Interment; and Hell's Concave rung,
While Monks loud anthems to the Devil sung.

AIR.

O'er TRUTH's hallow'd tomb
All Nature should sigh,
In deep and plaintive gloom:
VIRTUE and JOY with her must die.

But ghoſtly Impoſtors profane,
Poſſeſs'd with Dominion's dark luſt,
For TRUTH prepare
The pit, the ſnare,
And rattling chain;
Then ſee, with ſmiles, the beauteous victim ſlain,
And triumph o'er her duſt.

CHORUS.

LUTHER's ſad, ſullen Ghoſt was weeping there:
WICKLIFFE and ORUM dropp'd a generous tear;
While, in the loweſt, darkeſt deeps of Hell,
Twelve Popes tugg'd hard to toll a Funeral-Bell
To TRUTH's Interment; and Hell's Concave rung,
While Monks loud anthems to the Devil ſung.

END OF PART I.

PART THE SECOND.

THE PROCESSION.

MUSE! to whoſe deeply-penetrating ſight,
Darkneſs unfolds, and changes into Light,
Deſcribe the deeds of the infernal throng,
And paint the Siſters as they paſs'd along.

Spreading her gorgeous train, the ſlave of fame,
Sin's eldeſt daughter, tall AMBITION came.
Full of herſelf, ſhe ſeldom turn'd aſide;
Each ſtep was greatneſs, and each glance was pride.
Her cheek one moment pale with envy turn'd;
The next, roſe-red with indignation burn'd.

Her face not made for Sweetneſs to adorn,
Stately ſhe paſs'd, with looks of lowering ſcorn.

With ſullen mien, and robes of ſanguine dye,
The next in order, dark REVENGE went by.
Her right hand claſp'd a ſword, her left a ſcroll
Wrote by a lawyer on a parchment roll.

Next, with a ſickly eye that glanced aſkew,
Pale ſelf-tormentreſs, ENVY ſwept the dew.

Behind her TREACHERY came, with Siren's charms
Form'd to deceive. Her face, her neck, her arms
Were ſweetly beauteous, and might well inſpire
The Hermit's boſom with an amorous fire;
Might lull to ſoft repoſe the weary ſenſe,
And turn Suſpicion into Confidence.
Beneath her flowing robe conceal'd there lay
A Vulture's talons, ready for the prey.

Next, like a nun, in ſable garments clad,
Came SUPERSTITION, with a viſage ſad.

Her

Her eyes look'd upward, in Devotion's ſhow,
While half-rais'd eye-lids, and a lowering brow
Horror expreſs'd. No dimpled mark of joy
Adorn'd her faded cheek. Her whole employ
Was babbling Pater-noſters, counting beads,
Low-bowing, ſprinkling, and rehearſing creeds.

Frowning, with ſcarlet fury on her cheek,
All ſhaded o'er with many a fiery ſtreak,
Came PERSECUTION, with a wiry thong,
And waved it, ſportive, as ſhe paſs'd along.

Inventreſs of ſad inſtruments of pain,
Student of torture in each pore and vein,
Dire CRUELTY approach'd. Her eyes could tell
What Furies are, and Fiends, and Fires of Hell.

Cloſe-muffled up, abhorrent of the light,
Some gloomy Siſter came, ſome friend of Night.
She a furr-cloak that ſwept the ground had on:
Her face all hid, that night ſhe paſs'd unknown.

Taught

Taught by the Jeſuit's deeds, the Muſe avers,
CONSPIRACY was ſhe that wore the Furrs.

Graſping a dagger in her ſtronger hand,
Next MURDER follow'd in the midnight-band.
Along the ground her foot ſo lightly trod,
It ſcarce diſturb'd the darkſome, crawling toad
That ſipp'd the venom of the nightly dew.
Something ſhe mutter'd, but her words were few:

Next FALSHOOD came: a foe to Learning's page:
Born in a blind and a believing age.
In either hand ſhe held a Folio-book,
All gilded o'er, and gaudy to the look.
The one, though fill'd with many a labour'd note
On ſcripture-text, by graveſt Fathers wrote,
Serv'd only to diſguiſe the ſacred page,
Confirm the Sceptic, and confound the Sage.
The other book was ſtuff'd with wild Romance,
Where lawleſs Fiction wheel'd its wanton dance;

Tales

Tales of Saints, Pilgrims, Virgins, Knights, and Squires,
Regions of ſcalding Ice, and freezing Fires,
Monks, Salamanders, Stags, Cats, Monkeys, Hogs,
Martyrs, Popes, Badgers, Kings, Cocks, Bulls, and Frogs,
Baboons, Owls, Prelates, Emperors, and Dogs.

Cloſe at her heels, book-laden as ſhe walk'd,
Her lordly Siſter, IMPOSITION ſtalk'd:
She who by force all FALSHOOD's tales promotes,
Makes men aſſent, and crams them down their throats.

The next came ſhining by the Moon's fair light,
Adorn'd with pearls, and gems, and jewels bright,
With gaudy, ſpangled fringe, and taſſels gay,
Rings, bells, and trinkets, more than queen of May.
Three luſtrous Crowns, one over other rear'd,
In all the wantonneſs of pomp, appear'd
With tremulous motion glittering on her head.
Her rich, redundant robe of vermeil-red
Was deck'd with figures wrought in threads of gold,
Cherubs, and forms of bright, cœleſtial mould.

To root up Truth and Virtue was her aim:
Proud was the Whore, and ANTICHRIST her name.

With charms to ſeize by force the captive heart,
Allurements great as could be form'd by Art,
(For all *was* Art) HYPOCRISY came on.
Her Eye look'd Love, whilſt all her Heart was Stone.
Virtue in each fair feature was diſplay'd:
All Vices in her boſom lurking laid.
Robed in a mantle of unſullied white,
She ſhone as Angels, clothed in heavenly Light.

Gayer than all the daughters of the Earth,
Came one, with ſmiles, and buxom cheeks of Mirth:
Miſtreſs of Luxuries in every clime,
Well-ſkill'd with ſweets to oil the wings of Time.
The feſtive ſons of Mirth her power adore,
And ſound her praiſes with tumultuous roar:
She only fit Life's period to employ.
But holier Sages ſtyled her SENSUAL JOY.

Next,

Next, leaning on a ſtaff, bent almoſt double,
The old hag, AVARICE, crept with toil and trouble.

Laſt came SERVILITY, of aſpect low,
Deſpiſed on Earth, and hiſs'd in Hell below.
Stooping, as on ſhe ſtepp'd, ſhe view'd the ground:
Far from her feet her ſight no object found.
Or, if ſhe upward look'd, her cloſe-pent eye,
Peeping, ſcarce ventured to behold the ſky.

Thus went the Siſters in proceſſion ſlow,
As men by night at mournful funerals go:
Or, like fraternal Monks, what time they keep
Their midnight-vigils, while the guiltleſs ſleep,
And, lifting up the Idol-Hoſt on high,
With torches walk in ſolemn order by.

AIR.

All ſolemn, ſlow,
The Siſters go;
In long-drawn pomp they beat the earth:
Eſtranged from Fear,
Mid horrors drear,
To wait the mighty Jeſuit's Birth.

Silent Night they profane;
Nature's Law they diſdain;
And violate Sleep,
Their Sorc'ries to keep,
With direſt ill, the earth to fill,
And looſe the Furies from the Deep.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Thus went the Sisters in procession slow,
As men by night at mournful funerals go:
Or, like fraternal Monks, what time they keep
Their midnight-vigils, while the guiltless sleep,
And, lifting up the Idol-Host on high,
With torches walk in solemn order by.

END OF PART II.

PART THE THIRD.

THE BIRTH.

THE rugged cliffs, where Nature frown'd in pride,
Where the ſtrait paſſage ended, opening wide,
Had form'd an ample and extended ſpace,
Shaped like a circus. Hither with ſlow pace
The Siſters in Proceſſion's order came,
Each in the rank ſhe held in helliſh fame.
While on the cliffs around the Ghoſts purſued,
With equal pace, and all their motions view'd.
Fix'd ſtood the Siſters, in a circle ranged,
As if by Magic into Statues changed.
Faint efforts feigning, each began to move,
Limb after limb, and with each other ſtrove

In light vagaries; now in antic dance
With airy meaſures friſk'd as frolic Chance
Their ſteps directed. Cynthia, throned on high,
Right in the center of the vaulted ſky,
Their ſports beheld; while tuneful airs below
Beat to the ſteps of each rebounding toe.
Loud, hollow notes, low-riſing from the ground,
Rolled to the rocks: the rocks rolled back the ſound.

CHORUS.

——————— *Cynthia, throned on high,*
Right in the center of the vaulted ſky,
Their ſports beheld; while tuneful airs below
Beat to the ſteps of each rebounding toe.
Loud, hollow notes, low-riſing from the ground,
Rolled to the rocks: the rocks rolled back the ſound.

A vapour, falling, gave the quick alarm;
And every Siſter pluck'd her ſecret charm

Forth

Forth from her boſom. For dire charms they brought,
Of preparation long, and ſtudious thought:
Charms of ſuch dreadful and myſterious power,
That HECATE's deeds, perform'd at midnight-hour,
Sunk into toys. They ſtrew'd them on the ground,
Uttering ſtrange accents in a ſolemn ſound;
Then caught, before it fell, the vapour dire.
Mix'd with the charms, it turn'd them all to fire.
Round paced they, mingling; fierce the flames oppoſed;
A helliſh burning to the night diſcloſed.

With rites that had not precedent nor name,
Each Siſter ſnatch'd a handful of the flame.
Each to the winds her fiery portion threw.
Borne by the breeze, on curling clouds they flew.
Like burning lamps, ſuſpended in the ſky,
Short time they twinkled; ſpreading to the eye,
Now ſtream'd extenſive, while the Siſters gazed:
Like angry Comets, high in air they blazed.

Urging

Urging their courſe obſcure, thro' realms of night,
They vaniſh'd, dwindling, from the weary ſight,
Their real forms aſſuming: horrid band
Of wanton Dæmons! Theſe in many a land
Frolick'd ſoon after. Now the frantic crew,
High-pois'd in Æther, o'er the nations flew.
Swift on the pinions of the fatal night,
From ſhore to ſhore they urged fantaſtic flight.
From Spain's grave coaſts to Gallia's ſprightly plains,
From France they fled to Germany's domains.
Italia's ſhores anon they view with ſmiles,
With her Sardinian and Sicilian Iſles.
Where'er the bloody Croſs had fix'd a throne,
They knew the kingdoms to be all their own.
On mountains now they touch with ſightleſs feet,
And now on churches take their airy ſeat.
Nor fled they idle; but, with evil fired,
'Lighted on beds, and impious dreams inſpired.
Bad men enjoy'd the viſions of the night:
The virtuous waked with horror and affright.

RECITATIVE.

In ſolemn, high, prophetic Dream,
Fancy o'erleaps the bound extreme.
Broke is Reaſon's ſober chain:
Magic Night and Morpheus reign.

AIR.

I.

Roving Fancy now is free;
Nor rigid Judgment damps her glee.
Over Nature's vaſt profound,
Blythe, ſhe takes her giddy round,
Now with Ghoſts, and now with Fairies,
Motley Shapes, in wild vagaries,
All upon enchanted ground.

II.

Now with wings ſublime ſhe flies
Where Planets roll thro' azure ſkies;

Now

Now on Clouds where Tempeſts brew;
Now o'er Meads that drink the dew;
Then thro' the vaſty void deſcends,
Where Chaos warring atoms blends,
To darkſome Cell, of deepeſt Hell,
Where ſullen Ghoſts, and ſooty Dæmons dwell.

Meanwhile the airs the Siſters heard to breathe,
Sounding harmonious from the caves beneath,
Ceas'd all at once. The Siſters cluſter'd round,
And, fixing gloomy eyes upon the ground,
All, with deep cadence, muttering hoarſe and ſlow,
In words like theſe invoked their chiefs below.

Dæmons and rulers of the darkneſs, hear!
The hour is come, the night, the moon, the year,
Ordain'd by Fate to raiſe our feſtive mirth
With a fond Brother's welcome, wonderous Birth:
Our neareſt, abieſt, braveſt, beſt of kin,
Void of no mark or character of Sin.

Deeds have we done of dire and dreadful note,
And Charms on liquid air have ſent afloat.
The hour is come, the night, the moon, the year:
Dæmons and rulers of the darkneſs, hear!

CHORUS.

The hour is come, the night, the moon, the year:
Dæmons and rulers of the darkneſs, hear!

They ſcarce had ended, when a diſmal groan
Burſt from beneath: and lo! the labouring ſtone
Rended—a horrid chaſm! whence ſtreams of fire,
Waving, like flaming ſwords, with ſulphur dire,
Iſſued abundant. Now each Siſter's face
With expectation fluſh'd, keen to embrace
The welcome ſtranger; when a Monſter roſe,
So hideous, that the Siſters on their toes
Sprang, as prepared to take their ſudden flight:
But could not ſtir thro' vaſt exceſs of fright.

Each

Each in his face beheld herſelf ſo plain,
Looking ſhe ſtarted, ſtarting look'd again.
But, gazing long, the Shape familiar grew:
The Siſters, bolder, near the Monſter drew.
At length they play'd the ſympathetic part,
And every Siſter preſs'd him next her heart.

CHORUS.

Each in his face beheld herſelf ſo plain,
Looking ſhe ſtarted, ſtarting look'd again.
But, gazing long, the Shape familiar grew:
The Siſters, bolder, near the Monſter drew.
At length they play'd the ſympathetic part,
And every Siſter preſs'd him next her heart.

END OF PART III.

PART THE FOURTH.

THE FLIGHT.

HIGH on the rocks, the Ghosts of Martyrs brave,
Whose bones, consumed, required no hallow'd grave,
And blest Reformers, who the realms of light
In grief forsook on that tremendous night,
Gazing with anxious bosoms, still remain'd,
View'd the fierce Fiend, and scarce the shock sustain'd.
Shuddering with fear, they suddenly withdrew,
Silent across the Moon's pale circuit flew,
Soon pass'd the limits of terrestrial night,
And on swift pinions urged æthereal flight:

Nor

Nor loiter'd, till the manſions of repoſe
They reach'd, where Love with Peace for ever flows,
By verdant banks, in pure and living ſtreams;
Where Light from God breaks forth in chearful beams,
And joys ineffable, eternal, yields
To all the ſouls that range the bliſsful fields.
No ſooner had they told the dreadful tale,
Than Sorrow fill'd cœleſtial hill and vale.
The blood of Saints enthroned ran cold as ice,
And tears of woe were ſhed in Paradiſe.

CHORUS.

No ſooner had they told the dreadful tale,
Than Sorrow fill'd cœleſtial hill and vale.
The blood of Saints enthroned ran cold as ice,
And tears of woe were ſhed in Paradiſe.

Short time they griev'd: for, darting all abroad,
Unuſual ſplendour from the throne of God

All

All eyes attracted: and a radiant throng
Of angels, loud in high, triumphant ſong,
Vocal to harps, rehears'd, in ſtrains ſublime,
Events preparing in the womb of Time.

Rejoice, all Heaven! (they ſang) ye Saints, rejoice!
And ſing God's Judgment with a grateful voice!
Sing Alleluia! God, all juſt and good,
Hath judg'd the whore that ſpill'd his ſervants' blood:
Whoſe lyes all lands, deluded, have believ'd,
Whoſe ſorceries all nations have deceiv'd:
In whoſe inſatiate Slaughter-houſe renown'd,
The blood of Prophets and all Saints is found.
Here bleed good Princes, by aſſaſſins fell
Sent from the earth, on brighter thrones to dwell.
Elſewhere the Mother feels a deadly ſhock,
With ſcreaming Babe caſt headlong down the rock.
The weeping Father ſees his tortured Child
Bound to the burning Stake; frantic and wild

The

The Mother mourns; the Bride her tender hair
Plucks from the roots, and tears her features fair.

AIR.

I.

Grieve not, grieve not, hapleſs Mourners!
VENGEANCE, VENGEANCE, ſoon will riſe.
God will judge the ruthleſs Scorners;
Counts your tears, a precious flood;
Weighs each drop of righteous Blood.

II.

Echoing Vales, and warbling Fountains,
Vocal to the awful Mountains,
Lift on high your doleful Cries;
And the Mountains, to the Skies.
VENGEANCE, VENGEANCE, ſoon will riſe.

Yet but a while, and BABYLON ſhall fall:
By fire conſumed, low bows her ponderous wall.

Smoke,

Smoke, from her levell'd ruins, riſes round!
Strong is the Lord, who brings her to the ground.
Beneath her falls the Fiend, the JESUIT-PRIEST,
On whom ſhe ſits, her ſtrong-ſupporting Beaſt.
From Hell's unfathom'd Pit he firſt aroſe,
And in his Exit to Perdition goes.
The neighbouring Tyrants her expiring groans
Shall hear, and tremble on their tottering thrones.
The Slave no more ſhall dread their ſtern decree,
But burſt his chains, and venture to be free.
Down, like a millſtone in the ocean caſt,
Her towers ſhall fall, nor riſe while Time ſhall laſt:
Sing Alleluia! flat her ruins lie:
Her ſmoke ariſes to eternity!

CHORUS.

Sing Alleluia! flat her ruins lie:
Her ſmoke ariſes to eternity!

So ſang the Angels: and, all grief diſpell'd,
The Saints join'd voice, and the full Chorus ſwell'd.
Cherubs, diſpers'd, tranſported far the ſtrains,
And ſpread new joy throughout the happy plains.
Birds of the groves in imitation ſang:
All Heaven's expanſe with chearful echoes rang.
Hills to rejoicing hills reveal'd the tale,
And rivers told it to the laughing vale.

CHORUS.

Birds of the groves in imitation ſang:
All Heaven's expanſe with chearful echoes rang.
Hills to rejoicing hills reveal'd the tale,
And rivers told it to the laughing vale.

Meanwhile, in Hell's unluminous domains,
Where Horror, duſky king! his throne maintains,
Fierce, ſportive dæmons held a feſtive day:
For night in Hell is day, day night; no ray

From ſun, moon, planet, or fix'd, twinkling ſtar,
In ſweet rotation ruling from afar,
Viſits the ſolid ſhade. Their wanton ſport,
Tho' more terrific, yet appear'd in ſort
Like ſport of men: their feſtive hours to keep,
They hurl'd, from the immeaſurable deep,
Nitrous, infernal preparations dire,
That hiſs'd, like ſnakes, diffuſing deadly fire.
Mounting, like rockets, in the vacant air,
They lighted Hell with fierce and ſudden glare.
Darkneſs, ſucceeding then to tranſient light,
With deeper blackneſs form'd a tenfold night.
What time the fiery ſerpent ſoar'd on high,
Clear for a moment to the gazing eye
Were ſeen rough ſides of rocks, and holes of caves,
Vaults without end, and without bottom graves.
Here, ſtrong-barr'd priſons, whence the hideous cries
Of tortured tyrants pierced no pitying ſkies.
There, in cloſe cabinets, ſat monks confined,
Foes to the propagation of mankind.

Here,

Here, bowing to a god of gold, or braſs,
Condemn'd to babble everlaſting Maſs,
Dull Bigots ſtood. There, fierce, Polemic Fools,
Deep in the quirks and quibbles of the Schools,
According to their doom, rehears'd by rote,
Verbatim, all the books the Fathers wrote.

CHORUS.

Here, bowing to a god of gold, or braſs,
Condemn'd to babble everlaſting Maſs,
Dull Bigots ſtood. There, fierce, Polemic Fools,
Deep in the quirks and quibbles of the Schools,
According to their doom, rehears'd by rote,
Verbatim, all the books the Fathers wrote.

END OF PART IV.

PART THE FIFTH.

THE BAPTISM.

THE fierce combuſtibles in Hell below
Threaten'd great Nature's baſe to overthrow.
Earth, from her center, felt three deadly ſhocks:
The frighted Siſters ſaw the nodding rocks.
But the bold Monſter, ſtranger to diſmay,
Stood, ſelf-collected, and chaced Fear away.

He, for a coat, a long, black veſt had on:
Like Prieſt, like Dæmon, He was Both in One.
Such was his garb: but to deſcribe that Face,
Which every vice expreſs'd, where not one grace,

To make atonement, ſmiled, the labouring Muſe,
To paint her images, lacks words to chuſe.

Fierce as a tyger's glared his fiery eyes,
Which menaced proud defiance to the ſkies,
And woe to human race. Preſumption ſtared
On his broad forehead: other vices ſhared
The other features; each aſſumed its place,
And vice with vice divided all the face.
To give a helliſh grace, his lips of guile,
In ſign of knavery, grinn'd a horrid ſmile.
He that could view him without Fear's alarms,
Might claſp a GORGON in his eager arms.

Him firſt the three-crown'd ANTICHRIST addreſs'd,
And in theſe words her joyful thoughts expreſs'd.

Hail, mighty brother! potent LEGION! hail!
On whoſe fair birth depends a wonderous tale

To

To ſhine in annals: born for Rome and Me:
Born in good time to guard the Papal See,
When LUTHER's doctrines urge their rapid way,
And bode the dawn of Truth's refulgent ray,
Which threats to bring Rome's Myſteries to light,
And ſink her empire in eternal night.
Thine be the taſk the progreſs to oppoſe
Of our new-riſen and increaſing foes.
'Tis thine by art, by labour, and grimace,
Falſe zeal, lax morals, and affected grace,
By flattery, ſoothing, preaching, (not God's word)
Maſſacre, murder, torture, fire, and ſword,
To cruſh the Reformation in its birth,
And drive Religion bleeding from the earth.

Mute all the while, as if in rapture caught,
AMBITION, loſt in labyrinths of thought,
Stood like a ſtatue. Her upliſted eyes,
Fix'd like devotion, ſtedfaſt view'd the ſkies.

With

With out-ſtretch'd hands, at length ſhe ſilence broke,
And in a lofty ſtyle, prophetic ſpoke.

Gods! what a proſpect opens to mine eyes!
What ſplendid victims on my altars riſe!
What countries waſted! wealthy towns undone!
Empires betray'd, and patriot-ſtates o'erthrown!
Manſions—oh MURDER! bloody Sifter, hear!
And let it give thy heart a welcome chear—
Manſions, with their inhabiters, in flames!
Infants, youths, virgins, ſires, and tender dames,
Waked with alarms, night-ſhrieks, and terrors dire,
Defenceleſs flie to 'ſcape the ſpreading fire.
There, lowly-bending in the ſacred quire,
A Monarch, warm'd with ſuperſtitious fire,
Feeds on his Saviour, and devoutly kneels:
Cold at his heart the dire digeſtion feels.
Thy works, oh LEGION! thine the merits all!
Merits unequall'd on this earthly ball.

Yes,

Yes, thou art LEGION, of all ſins poſſeſs'd:
Each perfect ſhines, and rivals all the reſt.
Go forth and proſper! climb the walls of Fame!
Unbounded Empire be thy ſovereign aim!

Go, ſaid the Sifters all, Go forth and ſhow
What Sin can compaſs, leagu'd with Hell below.
For thou art LEGION, in whoſe ſpacious mind
All, all the vices habitation find.

CHORUS.

——— *Go forth and ſhow*
What Sin can compaſs, leagu'd with Hell below.
For thou art LEGION, *in whoſe ſpacious mind*
All, all the vices habitation find.

HYPOCRISY, with buſineſs in her look,
Audience to gain, the next occaſion took.

LEGION

Legion thou art! but a more hallow'd name
Muſt cloak thy vices, and ſupport thy fame.
'Tis thine the Roman Goſpel to maintain:
On that are founded all thy hopes to reign.
From thence thy vaſt dominion muſt ariſe,
Soaring, like Babel, to the vaulted ſkies.
Bind thyſelf ſtedfaſt to the Roman See:
Thou for Rome always, always Rome for Thee.
Hence thy bright glories, and thy firm ſupports:
Hence ſhalt thou dictate and preſide in Courts.
The neareſt fellowſhip with Jesus claim:
Each riſing hæretic with zeal defame.
With Superſtition ſtrengthen wicked hands;
Lengthen the Creed, and ſhorten the Commands.
At heart an infidel, thyſelf conceal,
And work thy paſſions to a burning zeal
For Ceremony's wild, romantic round,
And Mystery's all-faſcinating ſound.
Thy bulwarks theſe, thy forts and baſtions ſtrong;
Hence all thy ſpells, and each enchanting ſong

That lulls the Reaſon to a mortal ſleep,
While Superſtition's terrors wakeful keep.
Devoted, at the ſhrine of JESUS bow:
Of all religious moſt religious Thou.
Henceforth be JESUIT call'd: faſt, preach, and pray,
And kiſs thy Lord, more ſurely to betray.

Thus ſaid, ſhe ſtrait produced, with look demure,
A chryſtal vial, fill'd with water pure:
Then, feigning awful, ſaint-like melancholy,
With ſacerdotal muttering made it holy;
And with her finger ſprinkling, once and twice,
Baptized the hideous Monſter in a trice.

With foot advanced, in interrupting haſte,
(A cruiſe of blood ſuſpended at her waiſt)
MURDER, officious, ſilence choſe to break:
And, ſacred text blaſpheming, thus ſhe ſpake.

Let

Let it be ſaid, that He, like Jesus, came
With full credentials to ſecure his fame.
To diſcipline the nations with his *Word*
He comes, and o'er the earth ſends *Fire* and *Sword*.
And that his Baptiſm may be firm and good,
Baptized with *Water*, now baptize with *Blood*.

The Siſters all with one conſent agreed;
And Murder, Prieſteſs dire! perform'd the deed.

Hypocrisy her ſpeech reſumed again.
His name agreed on, half our rites remain.
Curſe on that hideous and mis-ſhapen Face!
View it—how dreadful and devoid of grace!
Is there one vice that is not pictured here,
Strongly expreſs'd, with ſhades and colours clear?
Shall he go forth with ſuch a viſage foul
That ſpeaks at once the darkneſs of his ſoul?
Forbid it Craft! By Styx's flood I ſwear,
This Face would ſo alarm the ſons of Fear,

They would avoid him as a Monſter dire,
Flie from him, trembling, as they flie from Fire;
Or, like ſome fierce, grim Savage of the wood,
Hunt him with dogs, till they had ſpill'd his blood.

So ſaying, from her boſom forth ſhe drew
A fleſh-like Maſk: with magic force it flew
Out of her hand, and on the JESUIT's face
Stuck uncemented. Smiles of ſpecious grace
Sat dimpling on his cheek. Deform'd no more,
The Loves took place where Furies frown'd before.
The Eye, with Cupids playing, darted bliſs;
The Lip was form'd to ſteal the amorous kiſs.
Each finiſh'd feature the Complexion graced;
Each in a point of pleaſing luſtre placed.
The white of faireſt lillies lent its aid,
And freſh vermillion ſpread a comely ſhade.

AIR.

Happy Deception!
What a Conception!
Dæmon foul with Angel's face!
Craft will protect him;
Who can detect him?
Faireſt of the human race!

CHORUS.

——— *Deform'd no more,*
The Loves took place where Furies frown'd before.
The Eye, with Cupids playing, darted bliſs;
The Lip was form'd to ſteal the amorous kiſs.
Each finiſh'd feature the Complexion graced;
Each in a point of pleaſing luſtre placed.
The white of faireſt lillies lent its aid,
And freſh vermillion ſpread a comely ſhade.

END OF PART V.

PART THE SIXTH.

THE UNCTION.

NO more of Horror and Combuſtion dire,
Terreſtrial Storm, or fierce Tartarian Fire.
Spirit of ſacred Pomp! Conclude the Song!
Come from thy favourite ailes and cloyſters long,
Mid cowls, copes, caps, and broidered veſtments gay,
White, blue, green, ſcarlet, purple, black, and grey;
Hoods, mitres, maces, founts, and altars fine,
Where burning lamps and golden ſtatues ſhine!
Come, with thy ſplendours all! each ſenſe confound,
And lead me, dazzled, o'er enchanted ground.

Then,

Then, in an airy circuit, let me climb
Up to the heights of Verity ſublime,
And ſing the UNCTION, laſt and grandeſt rite
The Siſters ſolemnized ere morning-light.

CHORUS.

Spirit of ſacred Pomp! Conclude the Song!
Come from thy favourite ailes and cloyſters long!

The JESUIT, now in beauteous Maſk conceal'd,
Tried arts to pleaſe, and ſtill new charms reveal'd.
He gazed, he ſmiled, attracted every eye,
None more than that of falſe HYPOCRISY.
To whom, indebted for external charms,
He thanks return'd, and claſp'd her in his arms:
Then, mid the Siſters, frolicſome and gay,
With antic meaſures, danced like Swain in May,
And, to briſk airs of muſic under ground,
Jump'd, with ſhrewd gambols, and embraced them round.

And

And now HYPOCRISY, who ſtood that night
Conductreſs chief of each myſterious rite,
Silence demanded. What, cried ſhe, remains,
Baptized, and maſk'd, and clear'd of outward ſtains,
But Unction ſacerdotal? Let us haſte
To holy things, and with demeanour chaſte
Perform with dexterous ſpeed this rite ſublime,
Leſt morn reproach us with the waſte of Time.

She ſaid, and ſtrait, to every Siſter's view,
Her white, immaculate robe to purple hue
Changed in an inſtant. Then with equal haſte
A ſilken Hat upon her head ſhe placed.
On either ſide a waving ribband flew,
Which on her back ſhe negligently threw.
Each gazing Siſter her intention caught,
And on herſelf the transformation wrought:
Save ANTICHRIST alone. She, triply-crown'd,
Conſpicuous ſtood, o'er all the reſt renown'd;

Still

Still wore her Scarlet, as ſuperior deem'd:
Pope She, they Cardinals in Conclave ſeem'd.

Lowly the JESUIT bow'd, and met the ground,
And thrice paced back with reverence profound:
Then nearer ſtepp'd, and, with abaſement low,
Devoutly ſeiz'd, and kiſs'd the Harlot's Toe.

'Twas now the rocks that ſtood the circus round
Were hid from ſight, and from the teeming ground
Encircling walls and taper pillars roſe
Of lighteſt architecture, thin as thoſe
By Fairies built, without a labourer's toil,
On ſome enchanted Iſland's golden ſoil.
Lofty and loftier roſe the fabric fair,
And rais'd a ſtately Cupola in air.
The rich, embelliſh'd Cornice knew its place,
And high-wrought Sculptures ſtood on every baſe.
Aloof were Paintings (copied ſince at Rome)
The roof adorning, and the central dome.

Thro' SISERA's temples here the KENITE fair
Drove the cold ſteel, and mix'd his ſoul with air.
There JUDITH, carving HOLOFERNES' head,
Sent the drunk hero, dreaming, to the Dead.
High over all, pourtray'd in ſanguine robe,
A JESUS ſcatter'd flames o'er all the globe.

Theſe in high tranſport the glad JESUIT view'd:
Twice and again his tranſport he renew'd.

CHORUS.

Thro' SISERA's *temples here the* KENITE *fair*
Drove the cold ſteel, and mix'd his ſoul with air.
There JUDITH, *carving* HOLOFERNES' *head,*
Sent the drunk hero, dreaming, to the Dead.
High over all, pourtray'd in ſanguine robe,
A JESUS *ſcatter'd flames o'er all the globe.*

While on the Paintings the rapt Jeſuit gazed,
A wonders new the Siſters ſtood amazed.

For

For Hell, thro' all its deeps in full employ,
Now ſtrain'd its efforts to complete their joy.
Altars, fonts, images, fill'd each their ſpace,
And brilliant lamps diſcover'd every grace.
All ſlowly-riſing, gentle as the dew,
Nine Shapes on either ſide, in whiteſt hue,
Fair virgin-forms, aroſe. Each in her hand
A vial held, with ſweets of Saba's land,
Delicious odours, drawn from pulp or rind,
Oils, gums, perfumes, and eſſences refined.
More form neglecting, each her offering laid
Before the mimic-Pope, who now diſplay'd
Authority ſupreme. The JESUIT fell
Down proſtrate, and adored the powers of Hell;
Then roſe, commanded; and the VICE ſupreme
Pour'd on his head of ſweets a flood extreme.
Rich fragrance flutter'd on the wings of air,
And all, refreſh'd, for ſigns of joy prepare,
When lo! a ſhriek! a ſcream! a bitter yell!
That frighted Chaos, and ſhook Earth and Hell.

The dreaded voice was known. Up roſe DESPAIR
Shaking the ſnaky foldings of her hair.

To ſilence all were aw'd: ſhe ſilence broke,
And deep attention in harſh tone beſpoke.

Ah, wretched Sifters! Hags of night abhorr'd!
In vain ye toil to ſpite Creation's Lord.
In vain ye ſhunn'd a Siſter ever nigh:
Nor I from You, nor You from Me can fly.
Count then on Vengeance and Perdition dire,
Wrath, Plagues, Fiends, Furies, Scorpions, Pangs, and Fire.

She ſpoke—ſhe was not:—and th' unreal pile,
With column, ſculpture, cupola, and aile,
Diſſolv'd in air: the virgin-ſhapes were loſt,
Altars, fonts, pictures, all—in ſightleſs Æther toſt.
No trace was left. The rocks were hid no more,
And to their Shapes return'd the Sifters as before.

AIR.

AIR.

Impious works to ruin fall!
In vain is rear'd each baſeleſs wall,
Unſubſtantial fabrics all!
Lighter than air
Th' erections fair
Juggle the builder's art and care.

Despair from Hell ariſing,
All proſpect ſacrificing,
Each golden Expectation mocks,
And ſhakes, grim Fiend! her ſnaky locks.
Before her face,
In rapid chace,
The viſionary projects flie,
And into air diſſolve and die.

CHO.

CHORUS.

VIRTUE alone the pile can raiſe
From age to age
To charm the Sage,
The laſting Monument of Praiſe.

END OF PART VI.

PART THE SEVENTH.

THE ASCENSION.

AS when the plaintive Jews beheld the Foe
Their Temple burn to its foundations low,
So griev'd the Sisters, when their lofty fane
Fled from their eyes, and left no sign remain.

The JESUIT nathless, not to be dismay'd,
Now for the first his eloquence display'd.

Sisters, (he cried) I feel Affection's force
Strength'ning Resolve, to run my destin'd course.
Me for the Son of Hell's fond hopes ye know:
And when ye visit next her deeps below,

Fill

Fill every Fiend with gaiety and joy,
And let new ſports their jocund hours employ.
Let Hell's wing'd wiſhes ſoar their utmoſt height,
My towering Deeds ſhall keep their loftier flight.
To thee, oh ANTICHRIST, myſelf I vow,
And all my powers in deep ſubmiſſion bow.
To guard the ſplendours of thy potent reign,
Thy Myſteries and Enchantments to maintain,
Thy chains on Conſcience with ſtrong links to bind,
And hold in bondage the immortal Mind,
My vigilance demand. Of words no more.
The womb of Time is given me to explore.
Strange powers o'er Spirits will I ſtrait employ:
Prepare for foretaſtes of your *future* joy.

His words obtain'd vociferous acclaim:
All were delighted; all extoll'd his name.
And now their eyes were fix'd for wonderous ſhows,
When high in air the JESUIT-FIEND aroſe.

Audacious,

Audacious, the light element he trod,
Now walk'd, now ſoar'd, now ſat, as if a God.
The Siſters gazed, and at each other ſmiled;
Whilſt He, with dexterous art, in geſtures wild
Balanced his body: till at laſt he threw
Head, legs, and arms, to their admiring view,
Into one general whirl. From cap to heel
Air-poiſed he ſpun, as ſpins a Catherine-Wheel
The ſport of hallooing crowds. By ſlow degrees
The rapid motion fail'd; and ſoon with eaſe
A faint vibration ſettled in a ſtand.
Oh Orcus! what a change! Head, foot, nor hand
Diſcernible remain'd: an empty veſt
Hung, like a ſign, of Wearer diſpoſſeſs'd.
At once 'twas carried, by a ſtormy blaſt,
Above mid-heaven, then downward hurl'd as faſt;
No longer whole, but into tatters rent,
Innumerable rags, diverſely ſent,
Which 'lighted on the rocks. Long on the ground
They lay not paſſive: but were ſeen to bound

With force elaſtic: quickly they expand
Each to a perfect robe; and up they ſtand
With human-like erection. Soon the Sleeves
Seem to be pregnant, and, like budding leaves,
The Hands put forth. Now roſe an oval ball
Majeſtic from the neck: the Shoulders fall,
Owning the Head's protenſions to Controul,
With features graced that ſpoke a hidden Soul.
And now each trunk a perfect Head upholds,
And Feet are ſeen beneath the Garment-folds.
The populous cliffs with black were covered o'er,
As Locuſts darken'd the Ægyptian ſhore.
Such ſwarms came forth from the myſterious robe,
Enough to people the terraqueous globe.

CHORUS.

The populous cliffs with black were covered o'er,
As Locuſts darken'd the Ægyptian ſhore.
Such ſwarms came forth from the myſterious robe,
Enough to people the terraqueous globe.

LEGION tremendous! firm-united band!
Each to his Brother gave the ſocial hand.
Quick they collected at one martial call:
One only Soul ſeem'd to inform them all.
In ranks they gather'd, and prepared to move,
In long proceſſion from the cliffs above.
Split thro' the rock a cavity there lay,
Sloped from the top, which form'd a winding way.
Here gently down they dropp'd their cautious feet,
And paſs'd the Siſters with obeiſance meet.
Slow they proceeded, with decorum grave,
Like Spectres ſummon'd to the Wizard's Cave.
Thrice did they kiſs their hands, and thrice bow down
In meek obedience to the Triple-Crown.
The Whore that wore it ſmiled; they with grimace,
Chaſte and demure, renew'd their ſolemn pace.
A motley tribe cloſed all, to give ſurprize,
Speciouſly wrapp'd in *Proteſtant-Diſguiſe*.
Some wore GENEVA's doublet, cloak, and hoſe,
Others the comelier robes of LUTHER choſe.

But

But here the Muſe curtails her ample round,
Leſt ſhe ſhould find herſelf on ENGLISH ground.

The Moon ſo bright had ſhone, that the grey Morn
Stole unexpected. Cynthia's fading horn
Sicken'd at length. Aurora twinkled bright,
And warn'd the Siſters of the cloſe of night.
All, one and all, diſpers'd, like Day-light's foes,
And, veil'd in miſt, blood-red the Sun aroſe.
The Lark ſat ſullen on the dropping thorn,
Nor tuned one welcome to the drowſy Morn.
Sad murmurs ſounded from the gurgling rills,
And pregnant clouds o'ertopt the duſky hills.

CHORUS.

The Moon ſo bright had ſhone, that the grey Morn
Stole unexpected. Cynthia's fading horn
Sicken'd

Sicken'd at length. Aurora twinkled bright,
And warn'd the Sisters of the close of night:
All, one and all, dispers'd, like Day-light's foes,
And, veil'd in mist, blood-red the Sun arose.

The END.

THE

Author's ADDRESS to his Audience,

After REHEARSAL the Second Evening, *April* 21, 1773.

I Beg leave to make my moſt grateful acknowledgements for the very favourable attention with which this Poem has been honoured. I am not inſenſible how much it is indebted to its accompanyments.

I ſhall think myſelf happy, if my humble labours ſhall contribute in any degree to give a timely check to the growth of Popiſh Superſtition, at a ſeaſon when it ſeems almoſt ready to drop the maſk, and threatens, at ſome diſtant period, the deſtruction of our Proteſtant Eſtabliſhment; at a ſeaſon when many

many of our Countrymen ſeem to have forgot the ineffable price of innocent blood, which purchaſed the freedom of the Reformation, and almoſt willing to be perſuaded that the cockatrice has loſt its venom.

What I aim at in this Allegorical Poem is, to draw the genuine features of that indefatigable and moſt maſterly Agent of the Vatican, who, having been diſpoſſeſſed of his ſanctuaries, in which he had long rioted, in ſome neighbouring countries, has taken refuge in the mildneſs of our Government, and works his way inſenſibly to influence and power. Some perſons, I know, would confine me *to exhortations from the pulpit. How efficacious ſoever ſuch exhortations may be in a narrow circle, they have no* extenſive *operation, unleſs they come from characters of reputed authority.——This ſuggeſted to* me *ſomewhat a wider field, and engaged me in the rehearſal of this Poem. I have acted conſcientiouſly upon my judgement; and I have long felt it a duty incumbent on me as a Proteſtant Miniſter, and a friend to my native country.*

THE

ADDRESS after REHEARSAL,

The THIRD EVENING, *April* 30, 1773.

I Cannot retire without declaring my moſt grateful ſentiments of the honour done to this Poem by the cordial approbation which it has obtained from this Audience.

From the moment when I conceived the deſign of rehearſing this Poem, I have been equally deſirous to avoid giving juſt occaſion of offence to the moſt ſerious perſons, as I was of doing ſervice to my country, by reſtraining that tendency to Religious Tyranny, which has been reviving ſome years paſt in this Proteſtant land. The declarations which I have heretofore made

on the ſame occaſion (which I need not repeat) have been admitted, by thoſe that heard them, as abundantly ſufficient for the juſtification of my conduct. And I am ſorry if one honeſt man is ſtill prejudiced againſt me.

The Spirit of ſlaviſh Superſtition, which I have held up to your ridicule and abhorrence, gains ground in proportion as men loſe ſight of the importance of Liberty, and in proportion as they grow diſſipated and corrupt! Oppreſſion, of all kinds, ſteals then inſenſibly upon a people. The Jeſuit, *in this Poem, is not merely the Order of* Ignatius, *which goes by that name. It extends itſelf to every character which is compoſed of Eccleſiaſtical Tyranny and Fraud. And I am ſure I need not labour to prove to any perſon in this audience, that my attempt is neither unneceſſary, nor unſuitable to my character: an attempt, which means to reſtore the ideas of Reaſon and Liberty to that noble and manly Religion, which has long been the greateſt ornament and bleſſing to our country.*

11 7 19

E R R A T A.

Page 39, 7th Couplet, inſtead of

" There, lowly-bending in the ſacred quire,
" A Monarch, warm'd with ſuperſtitious fire,

Read thus:

" There, meek and reverent at the altar's baſe,
" A Monarch, proſtrate in the holy place,

Page 50, laſt Line, inſtead of

" A wonders new, &c.

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